THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, - D. C.

According to the School Review, only 41.51 per cent. of the pupils in American high schools are boys.

The failure of the big New York cotton firm shows that one may "corner" the earth and yet not own it.

Sixteen murders during the past year were caused directly or indirectly by cigarette smoking. Crimes without number have sprung from the practice.

A New Yorker who had been called to serve as a juror in the Supreme Court was discharged by his employers on that account the other day. The matter was brought to the attention of the Court, and the employers, greatly to their surprise, were informed that they had violated the law in dismissing the juror. They have taken the man back.

A writer in the New York Medical Journal says that the curved pages of the ordinary book are injurious to the eye of the reader. The curvature necessitates a constant change of the focus of the eye as it reads from one side to another, and the ciliary muscles are under a constant strain. Moreover, the light falls unequally upon both sides of the page, further interfering with a continued clear field of vision. It is suggested that the difficulty might be obviated if the lines should be printed parallel to the binding, instead of at right angles to it.

After all, pessimism and optimism depend for their manifestation upon the viewpoint selected by individual observers. A Chicago dabbler in data and events has made the discovery that every big exposition has been followed by a war. Yet, without the expenditure of any greater amount of mental effort, he could have made himself and everybody else more comfortable by a a statement of the fact that every war waged during the past half century has been followed by an exposition. It is folly to turn into gloomy shadow any of the bright sunshine of life.

Two Paris blacksmiths having fought a duel, one killing the other, many believers in the code declare that it has been disgraced and has been rendered so absurd that it may have to be abolished. The disgrace comes, the reader may be astonished to learn, not from the absurdity of duels without blood, which are the popular French kind, but duels by men who work for a living and are so coarse and brutal that they must needs hurt each other. The ordinary French duelist has been the laughing stock of the world for years, but he is happy in his sublime ignorance of the situation and proposes to remain so, reflects Judge.

General Stephen H. Manning, in a Boston interview, has made some remarks questioning the actuality of Sheridan's heroism as embalmed in Thomas Buchanan Read's poem, "Sheridan's Ride." General Manning says he met Sheridan two years before the latter's death and "Little Phil" admitted that he had done wrong in claiming credit for the victory over Early at Cedar Creek. The hero of that battle, in General Manning's opinion, was General Horatio Gouverneur Wright, who was in command of the Sixth Corps at Cedar Creek. General Manning was second in command of this corps. But whatever the facts in the case, few people will bother with them. The boys will keep on spouting the poem for generations.

Writing from his peaceful retreat at Princeton, former President Cleveland reviews the advantages of a college education in the struggle of life and refutes the argument of the self-made man who accepts his own success as proof that such education is needless. While perseverance, industry and thrift that carried such a man through are indispensable, Mr. Cleveland contends that the world has moved and conditions have changed, and these qualities must now be supplemented with the best attainable education. In line with President Low, of Columbia, and the new President of Yale, the former President of the United States takes occasion incidentally to warn the student against the danger of losing sympathetic touch with the great outside world for a nobler life in which his college training would equip him. Mr. Cleveland contends that training of the mental powers paves the way to success in every occupation, "and that, therefore, a college education will pay."

THE SONG OF THE UNKNOWN HEROES.

Let me sing a song for the hero
Who fell unnamed, unknown—
The common soldier lying
Beneath no costly stone—
Who fought where the foe was strongest
And, after the day was done,
Was merely among the "missing
Nine hundred and sixty-one."

Let me sing a song for the hero
Who knelt at the rail to pray
While the boats with the weeping women
And children were rowed away—
Who, being a man and gifted
With the strength god gives to men,
Was one of the "hundred sailors"
Who will ne'er tread decks again.

Let me sing a song for the hero
Who weary, wasted, wan—
With disease and the world against him—
Toiled hopefully, bravely on—
Who, robbed of earth's choicest pleasures—
Could smile as he wrought away,
And lies with the unnamed millions
Awaiting the Judgment Day.

Let me sing the song of the heroes
Who died unknown, unnamed,
And my song shall be of the bravest
That Death and the grave e'er claimed!
And my song shall live the longest
Of all the songs e'er sung,
And still be the song of heroes
When the last sad knell is rung!

—S. E. Kiser.

How the Deckers Struck Oil.

By Emma A. Opper.

ADAM DECKER's tea-table was unusually full. At it were Mr. and Mrs. Decker; their daughter Molly; Cullen Berry, the hired man; Stanley Carson, the city boarder, and Jack Kemble, also from the city, who had come to spend a day or two with his friend and crony in his rustic retreat.

"Be'n around the farm yit, Mr. Kemble?" Mr. Decker inquired, hitching back his chair. "You mustn't leave town without seein' the place."

"By no means," said Jack Kemble, politely.

"I'm making some improvements," Mr. Decker went on, mildly.

"Diggin' a well, for one thing," Cullen Berry observed, rising with a shuffle of his cowhide boots.

The city boarders rose also, gracefully, and strolled out through the kitchen door into the yard.

"They're as good as a circus," said Stanley Carson, in a mirthful undertone.

"Better," Jack Kimble rejoined. "The old man's pronunciations, and the hired man's clothes and table manners, and the way Molly does her hair!"

"Best fun I ever struck," Stanley responded. "As to the farm," he went on, glancing round with a smile, "they seem rather proud of it; but what they can see to admire in an acre of corn and pumpkins, a dilapidated red barn and a back yard like this, with radishes and clothes-lines and hencoops in beautiful confusion, and—— What's the matter, Jack?"

For Jack Kemble was standing motionless, gazing fixedly at the ground before him and whistling softly.

"Do you see that?" he said, breathlessly, and he pointed to a small puddle of dirty water at his feet.

"That!" Stanley repeated, with a laugh. "I thought you had discovered signs of buried treasure by the way you looked."

"Just what I have done!" said Jack, excitedly. "Look again. Do you notice anything peculiar?"

Stanley bent over the little pool, looking mystified.

"It's greasy," he said.

"Exactly!" said Jack, triumphantly. "Oh, I wasn't brought up in the oil regions for nothing!"

Stanley stared.

"You don't mean to say——" he began, slowly.

"But I do," Jack interposed. "You can't mistake the looks of the water. There's oil in this land."

Stanley whistled.

"Yes, sir, oil—and plenty of it, I should say," Jack went on, scrutinizing the greasy scum on the water sharply. "In my opinion that old absurdity in there has a fortune right in his hand!"

"By Jove!—and don't dream of it!" Stanley ejaculated. "I'd like to be in his shoes, that's all!" he added, emphatically.

The two young men looked at each other sharply for a moment.

"There's a way of doing it," said Jack, lowering his voice.

"And that is——" said Stanley, softly.

"To marry the girl!"

"My idea precisely," said Stanley, with a laugh.

"It's worth trying," said Jack, decidedly.

"I shouldn't care to do it on uncertainties," said Stanley, with a shrug. "She is not my style, you know."

"There is not the least uncertainty, my dear fellow," responded Jack, warmly. "Marry the girl; get the thing into your own hands, and your fortune is made. Not a doubt of it. Look here!—and here!"

They had strolled along, arm-in-arm, toward a pile of upheaved soil and rough stones, Jack pointing with his cane to spots of undeniably greasy appearance.

"They're digging a well," Stanley observed, sitting down on the largest rock.

"It's playing right into your hand," said Jack, impressively. "All you'll have to do, my boy—provided you've got the girl and the old man's interest up—is to dig down a little further, and there you are."

"I'll have her!" said Stanley, catching his friend's enthusiasm. "As I said before, she isn't my style; but it's too good a chance to lose, and, of course, I can improve her."

"It was my idea, remember," said Jack, significantly. "If it succeeds, I shall expect to share the glory—and the profits."

The Deckers and Cullen Berry were deeply puzzled by the conduct of their city boarders the next morning. It was inexplainable.

The young men had, hitherto, seemed rather indifferent; they had shown no interest in anything, except the quantity and quality of their food, and had only talked to each other.

But this morning there was a marked change.

Mr. Carson was extremely attentive to Molly. He loaded her plate at the breakfast table, and passed her everything industriously. He hung about the kitchen after breakfast, chatting pleasantly; and he capped the climax by begging to wipe the dishes, and actually performing the act, regardless of his immaculate cuffs.

And Mr. Kemble had made himself equally agreeable with Mr. Decker—discussing cows and crops, poultry and politics, and addressing an occasional polite remark to Cullen Berry.

"They're gittin' real sociable," Mr. Decker observed to the hired man, as they wended their way, shovels and pickaxes in hand, to the new well.

"So they be," said Cullen.

But he said it rather distrustfully.

The city boarders meanwhile were sitting on the front porch, with their feet on the railing and cigars between their lips.

"How do you get along?" said Jack, with subdued anxiety.

"Finely," Stanley responded. "The girl seems—well, positively flattered out of her wits. I don't believe she ever saw a decent fellow before."

"Rush things—rush things, my dear boy!" said Jack, excitedly. "Strike while the iron's hot. Settle it to-day! Come, now—you've known her a week."

Stanley considered.

"I might as well have it over with," he concluded, rising leisurely. "Not that I apprehend any difficulty; she's in love with me already. But if there should be any mistake about the oil—what a box I'd be in, old fellow!"

"You could step out of it," said Jack, coolly. "But about the oil, you're all right there, I'd take my oath!"

Molly was bending over the ironing table by the kitchen door.

She looked up rather timidly as Stanley threw himself down in the doorway, and turned his eyes upon her.

"Always busy, Miss Molly," he began, throwing a sentimental tone into his voice.

"Yes; we have considerable work," said Molly, practically.

"You were never intended for this sort of life, Molly," said Stanley, looking frowningly at the ironing-table—never!"

Molly looked mystified.

"I'm afraid you'll think it rather sudden, Molly," said Stanley, rising from the doorway, "but I—I can't restrain my feelings any longer."

He reached across the table and took her hand, flat-iron, holder and all.

"Molly, my happiness depends——"

But Molly was not listening.

She stood gazing out through the door, with wide eyes.

"What is the matter out there?" she said.

Stanley turned.

Something was wrong at the new well, evidently. An excited group stood at the edge—men, women and children. People were running about wildly, and a hum of agitated voices could be heard.

"Something's happened!" cried Molly,

And she flew out, Stanley following hurriedly.

Mr. Decker stood in the midst of the little group, pale and horrified.

"It's Cullen!" he gasped. "He's down to the bottom, and it's caved in onto him!"

Molly gave a little shriek.

"Can't you go down and help him?" she cried.

"I couldn't do it," said Mr. Decker, despairingly. "I'm too old, my gal."

"Won't anybody go?" cried Molly, looking round wildly at the open-mouthed gathering.

Nobody stirred.

"It's a good deal of a risk," said Mr. Decker, sadly. "It might cave ag'in. Thar ain't nobody 'd want to try it, my gal. Poor Cullen!"

Molly wrung her hands.

A sudden inspiration presented itself to Stanley's mind.

Why should not he make the success of his plan certain beyond a doubt—win the unbounded love and admiration of the girl, who really looked rather pretty in her distress, and cause her to throw herself into his arms, with vows of adoration by acting the hero—by going down into the well himself after the unfortunate hired man? Why should he not thus secure to himself, by one bold act, the wealth that lay untouched beneath his feet?

He took Molly's trembling hand, and gave it a reassuring pressure.

"I will attempt it, Molly!" he said firmly.

Everybody looked around at him wonderingly, and there was a murmur of applause.

"Bless you!" said Mr. Decker, earnestly.

And Molly looked up at him joyfully.

It was the work of a hurried moment to tie him securely into a strong rope, to arm him with a shovel, and to lower him into the cavity.

Stanley felt a thrill of self-approval as he caught a last glimpse of the ring of admiring faces bending to watch him—Jack Kemble's among them.

The little group waited breathlessly.

Up from the depths there came the sound of rapid shoveling.

Five minutes passed—ten. Still the sound could be heard, accompanied, at last, by Stanley's exhausted gasps.

Mr. Decker peered down into the darkness anxiously. There was a dead silence.

"The rope's jerking!" said Molly, faintly.

A dozen hands seized it, and pulled eagerly.

"Thar they be!" said Mr. Decker, breaking a painful silence.

Yes, there they were. But not precisely as the waiting group had expected to see them.

Cullen Berry, with his bare head and his blue woolen shirt plentifully besprinkled with dirt, but otherwise unharmed, was clinging firmly to the rope, bearing in his arms the unconscious form of the city boarder

"It was a leetle too much for him," he remarked, calmly, laying his burden down and addressing the spectators. "It was a pretty tough job, come to think on't; I reckon I was as much as three foot under."

"Oh, Cullen!" cried Molly, with a shudder.

And the spectators exclaimed in unison.

Mr. Decker, aided by Jack Kemble, lifted Stanley's unconscious form and bore it into the house.

"He's comin' to," said Mr. Decker, as they laid him down on the sitting-room sofa.

Stanley opened his eyes weakly, conscious of an unpleasant lameness and exhaustion.

"Wal, wal!" said Mr. Decker, heartily. "Feelin' better?"

Stanley tried to smile carelessly.

"You done a plucky thing, young man!" said Mr. Decker, emphatically. "And we're all mighty grateful. Molly, now—Molly won't know how to thank you strong enough."

"Molly?" said Stanley, tenderly; while Jack patted his head in congratulatory triumph.

"Yes; Molly'd been clean distracted if anything'd happened to Cullen. Mebbe I hadn't mentioned it—but they're expectin' to git married next spring."

Stanley sat up suddenly, with consternation in every line of his pale face; and Jack Kemble uttered an ejaculation.

"Yes," said Mr. Decker, serenely—"next spring. Didn't know but I'd told you. I shall give up the farm to Cullen," Mr. Decker went on. "I'm gittin' pretty old myself; and he's jest as good a manager as I be. Mighty sharp, Cullen is. It was his idee, now—this ile business."

"Oil?" said Stanley, faintly.

"We hain't give it out yit," said Mr. Decker, confidentially, "but that thar well ain't a well no more'n I be. We're diggin' for ile. You see, I've allers sort of suspected, from the looks of things, that thar was ile on the place; and the minute Cullen clapped eyes onto it—Cullen lived out in the ile district for a spell—he says, says Cullen——"

But the city boarders did not seem interested. The occupant of the sofa had lain down weakly, and turned away in apparent exhaustion; and Jack Kemble had disappeared through the door.

* * * * * *

It was six months later that Stanley Carson, hurrying along a down-town street to his work one morning, came face to face with a smiling young couple, strolling along arm-in-arm, in an obvious state of happiness.

"Wal, now! don't mean to say you didn't know us?" said Cullen Berry, warmly, seizing Stanley by the lapel of his coat. "Wal, I shouldn't 'a thought you'd forgot me! Molly, you hain't forgot Mr. Carson—him that dug me out o' that thar ile hole? We've jest been gittin' married, Mr. Carson."

Molly gave him a blushing glance.

"We struck it, Mr. Carson," Cullen pursued, exultantly. "We're doin' splendid at it. If you'd come out thar ag'in you wouldn't know the place—what with the ile machines in the back-yard, and the new house, and all the new fixin's—eh, Molly? You must come out and visit us, Mr. Carson. I allus have felt as though I owed you somethin' for that thar good turn you done me."

But Stanley had raised his hat with a cold smile, and was rapidly disappearing.—Saturday Night.

An Historic Remark.

"Now, boys," said the teacher to the juvenile class in history, "who can tell me what General Washington said to his Lieutenant while crossing the Delaware amid the floating ice?" "I can," replied a youngster at the foot of the class. "Well, Tommy, what did he say?" queried the teacher. "He said, 'How'd you like to be the ice-man?'" replied the incorrigible Tommy.—Trained Brotherhood.

Reed's Recipe For a Eulogy.

A Congressman tells the story that, being selected to deliver a eulogy on a deceased colleague whom he had not known, he consulted Mr. Reed, then the speaker, upon what to say. "Say anything except the truth," was the reply; "it's customary."—Argonaut.

Wonderful Starlight.

The air is so clear in Zululand that objects seven miles away can be distinctly seen by starlight.

THE LOVE OF MYSTERY.

Here in a whisper let me make
A very strange confession.
I praised erstwhile for fashion's sake
A poet's weird expression.
I said great lights illumed his rhyme;
That genius must have fanned it;
And—here's the secret—all the time
I didn't understand it.

And 'mid an operatic shriek,
The vocal din I lauded.
I'd paid my pay of half a week,
We all sat and applauded.
For taste, to which we all pretend,
Seemed truly to demand it.
But from the beginning to the end
I didn't understand it.

And yet I turn from finer things—
The flowers that bloom so sweetly;
The wandering bird, who only sings
To charm, and charms completely.
These I neglect. My whole applause,
And roundly I expand it,
This human babbling claims; because
I do not understand it.

—Washington Star.

PITH AND POINT.

Billy—"Can you always meet your expenses on time?" "No; my expenses always meet me on time."—Chicago Record.

Blobbs—"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." Slobbs—"You can't make Henpeckke believe that. He does the rocking at their house."

He—"When Miss Willing married old Gotrox she gave her age as twenty-five. I imagined she was much older than that." She—"Oh, I suppose she allowed one-third off for cash."

The Patient—"Doctor, what's in this prescription?" The Doctor (haughtily)—"That's not for you to know, sir." "All right. When you send me a bill, make it out the same way."—Life.

McJigger—"That's a funny thing." Thingumbob—"What is?" McJigger—"Miss Passey was an old maid before she married, and now that her husband is dead, she has become a young widow."

Mayme (disconsolately)—"My increase in salary hasn't done me a bit of good." Marie—"Dear me. Why hasn't it?" Mayme (more disconsolately)—"It has just made my wants increase."—Life.

Bingo—"I think, after all, I shall go to Europe with my family." Twickenham—"I thought you couldn't afford it?" "Well, it's cheaper for me to go with them than to let them go alone."—The Smart Set.

"I thought that girl was in love with me, so felt kind o'forced to propose." "Well?" "She declined me, saying she had only been unusally friendly because I was so pathetically ugly."—Indianapolis Journal.

This life of ours is one far-spreading veldt,
O'er which we ever trek. Wise they who've feldt
That he who hopes to mount the highest kopje
Must trek and trek and trek and never stopje.

—Philadelphia North American.

"Miss Peechis," stammered the bashful young man at the other end of the sofa, "would you—er—consider me bold if I was to—er—throw a kiss to you?" "Bold?" quoth she. "I'd consider it the quintessence of laziness."—Philadelphia Press.

Bert—"I don't see any use in this geography lesson." Mattie—"Why, you goosey, it's of the greatest use. It tells you where to go when you can't get there, and describes the country and all that. If we had no geography we'd get lost all over the world."

A Case of Too Much Toothbrush.

"Cancer of the lip," a physician stated several days ago, "is caused more frequently than one would think by the toothbrush. Let me illustrate this by a typical case which I am treating now. John Blank smoked a good deal, and to keep his teeth white he cleaned them hard three times a day with a brush whose bristles were like wire. He brushed a little patch of skin from his lower lip. Afterward he was careful, and the sore spot healed. But then he forgot, and the spot became sore again.

This went on a year or so. Two days out of the seven this one place in Blank's lip was sore. Finally it began to pain him; it hurt all the time; it smarted even when apparently healed. He would wake in the night with the sharp, pinching pain there, and the pain was like the clutch of a crab's claw, for he had cancer now—cancer due to the irritation which he had applied thrice daily for a year to that one spot with his stiff-bristled brush. No wonder he had cancer, and no wonder there are many such cases. People won't learn that tooth-cleaning may do harm. They are proud of it, as of bathing, and they can't believe that any little pain or irritation due to it can be other than of benefit."—Philadelphia Record.

A Pretty Whitman Story.

Here is a pleasant story which has never appeared in print, but is known to be true. The poet, Walt Whitman, was, as is well known, dependent during most of his life upon the kindness of his friends and admirers for a support. A few years before his death, one of these friends called upon him in his little house in Camden, a suburban town of Philadelphia.

"Well, Walt," he said, "how goes it this winter? Any subscription needed for Christmas?"

"No," said Whitman; "no, I'm at work now. I'm in the employ of George Childs. He pays me $50 a month.

"You at work! May I ask what is your occupation?"

"Why, I ride in the street cars. I fall into talk with the drivers and conductors, and find out which of them have no overcoats, and guess at their size and notify Childs, and then he sends the overcoats. It's not hard work," said the poet thoughtfully. "And then, you know, it helps Childs along."—Youth's Companion.